The
COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XXXVIII *September* 17, 1943 NUMBER 22

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THE COMMONWEAL *is indexed in the Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index and Catholic Bookman.*
Published at 386 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.—AS. 4-9685
Annual Subscription: U. S., $5.00; Canada and Foreign, $6.00
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Conditions of Peace

WITH Axis forces in slow retreat on every front and one tip of the European continent actually invaded, the chances of an outright Axis victory in this war are obviously over. But the road to Allied victory is a long and bloody one. Now that the immediate threat to the territorial integrity of the United States has passed, old-time American isolationists and those who oppose all modern war on grounds of conscience are beginning to call again for a negotiated peace—by which they mean that the fighting should end tomorrow. Surely the cessation of hostilities is the ardent desire of all men in the service—who are rudely torn from their homes —of their families, of every religious and humane man and woman. Pope Pius XII eloquently described the aspiration of the peoples of the world in an Italian language broadcast of September 1: "the ever more insistent cries of the common people, who, after so much suffering, so many privations and bereavements ask for nothing better in life than peace, bread and work."

Yet is this universal war weariness, this intense desire for an end of cruel blockades, of indiscriminate and precision bombing, of clashes of planes and ships and armies, of personal travail, sufficient justification for an immediate armistice? Is there not a tremendous distinction between an order to cease firing for a time and the setting up of a just and lasting peace? No one has been more assiduous than Pius XII in trying to forestall the outbreak of this war and in recalling the nations to peace ever since, yet a study of his pronouncements in the invaluable new compendium, "Principles of Peace," for instance, indicates a whole series of conditions upon which a just and enduring peace must be based. All true lovers of peace are, in fact, compelled by the nature of things to recognize that no lasting peace is attainable until certain conditions are fulfilled. Unhappily such conditions have not yet been realized. And thus all the moral and physical evil of this present war, the tragic deaths and separations, the anxieties and physical suffering, the appalling destruction, would have been largely in vain if it were to result in a peace which is premature and inconclusive. It is not so simple as ordering the soldier to lay down his arms and go home.

On the other hand there is the other fatal extreme. A vengeful and punitive war carried on until the enemy's cities are razed to their foundations, their whole territories taken over by force, their people ground into the dust in humiliation, is anything but a sure foundation for the peace man seeks. A greater crime than needlessly prolonging a war can hardly be imagined. The firing must stop at the earliest feasible moment.

The nazi war machine, though not what it was when it first took the world by surprise, is still powerful. There are no indications that the party chiefs are any less ruthless in their ambitions or more loyal to their word. The danger to the world inherent in a short respite which would permit them to reconstitute Germany's armed might is all too plain. As long as they or their subordinates remain in power in Germany it is impossible to think in terms of a negotiated peace. The same goes for the Japanese war lords with whom we are not dealing here at any length.

How does all this apply to the third major partner in the Axis? The Rome radio gives increasingly strong indications of Italy's official desire for peace. While the Anglo-American "unconditional surrender" formula is characterized as the equivalent of the destruction of the whole country, more and more hints are thrown out that Italy would be amenable to an "honorable peace." We must not forget that Italians are traditionally easy-going and peace-loving. Mussolini is out of the picture and the Fascist Party is apparently out of grace, but the important thing is that Italy has been so weakened by this war as no longer to constitute a threat to Europe's peace.

Since Italy no longer constitutes a major threat

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to the peace of the world there is less need to keep on fighting her. If we can arrive at satisfactory terms, the sooner Italy gets out of the war the better. One has only to think of the effect in the Balkans and other conquered and satellite territories, in fact in the heart of Germany and Japan themselves, when they get the news that one leg of the shaking tripod has actually given way. That will be worth a score of victories in the field.

Then if Italy receives a generous peace, one indeed far more generous than she deserves, Herr Goebbels can thunder in vain about Anglo-American plans for total destruction of the Axis peoples. When the peoples of Europe learn—as no gestapo can keep from them from hearing—how well peace has dealt with the Italians, they will realize at long last that capitulation is much the better part of continued resistance. It will be the beginning of a true peace, what the Pope calls the "dawn of a new life of brotherly reconciliation and a thorough and concordant reconstruction." The United Nations have everything to gain from a separate peace with Italy. If we are generous and foresighted in our terms, we can deal the Axis a mortal body blow.

Pitfalls in Basic English

EVEN their adversaries must admit that there is a certain engaging quality in the lack of self-consciousness among the British. At times their spokesmen seem completely oblivious of the eyes focused upon them from without. A striking instance occurred in Winston Churchill's able Harvard speech. His vision of a new world with English—at least the 650 nouns and 200 other words of "basic English"—as the new universal language might have sounded gratifying in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and read well in America's metropolitan papers. But how must it have struck our Latin American friends, our Russian allies or the Chinese, to mention only a few? Could there be any neater way of hinting at a post war world under a benevolent Anglo-American domination? Consider the phrase, "It would certainly be a grand convenience for us all to be able to move freely about the world . . . and to find everywhere a medium, albeit primitive, of intercourse and understanding."

So much for "basic English," solely in this connection. But if the suspicion is to down that we are not planning to attempt Anglo-American hegemony of the post-war world, we must immediately undertake more steps similar to the assignment to Russia of a place on the allied Mediterranean Commission. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill know only too well that Russia will without question demand and secure a leading rôle in the peace and after, while China cannot have any minor rôle in the settlement in the Far East. They know full well that any two-empire attempt to run the world together will eventually throw Russia into the arms of Germany with whom she shares a common antipathy for Anglo-American capitalism and empire. And knowing all this and much more, should not the Anglo-American governments make the self-imposed limitations on their joint objectives clearly known to all.

For it is not only in Russia, China, restive India and the Latin Americas that these hints of coming Anglo-American world domination fall. It is in the conquered countries of Europe, where Axis information is the only legitimate source of news, where listening to allied broadcasts is punishable by death. And in the Axis countries themselves Herr Goebbels continues to link defeat with crushing British-American domination, to bolster up crumbling national morale. The British can't help being British, but as warm friends and intimate allies we should build up such confidence in our clearly formulated, specific war aims that no amount of unconscious Britishisms can shake it.

N.B.

"WE SEE no signs of the shattering of the present Russian régime; on the contrary, it seems daily to gather strength, to fall back upon past and long-scorned sources of strength, upon the religion it sought to destroy. . . ." (THE COMMONWEAL, April 9, 1943.)

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"September 4: The chairman of the Council of the People's Commissars of the U.S.S.R., Comrade J. V. Stalin, received Acting Patriarch Metropolitan Sergius, Leningrad Metropolitan Alexei, and the Metropolitan of the Ukraine, Kiev and Galicia, Nikolai.

"During the reception Metropolitan Sergius informed the Chairman of the Council of the People's Commissars that leading circles of the Greek Orthodox Church intend to hold a congress of Bishops in the very near future. [Presumably to constitute a Holy Synod and elect a Patriarch as announced from London, September 5.]

"The head of the Government, Comrade J. V. Stalin, expressed his sympathy with this decision and said the Government would not hinder this in any way. . . ." (The Associated Press, September 5, 1943.)

P. S. Of course the question brought up in our issue of November 5, 1942, still remains: to what extent does the Russian state seek to dominate the Orthodox Church in Russia?

Guilt

WHEN Mussolini fell, a certain number of people in this country said that is nothing at all, there still is the King, there still are the rich and the poor and nothing means anything at all until

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there is an entirely new social structure in Italy. For instance, Mr. G. A. Borgese wrote an article in *Life* from which it appears that Mussolini was only a secondary Italian trouble and that the real Italian trouble is the House of Savoy and has always been the House of Savoy. Mr. Borgese does not like the original Kingdom of Savoy, he does not like its origins, its policies, its history or its Kings, he does not like anything whatever about the Savoyards and it appears that the whole trouble with Italy has been that it was united under the rule of these Savoy Kings.

Well, a man can feel as he likes about the House of Savoy, but up till now the subject has not been widely debated among Americans and it is a little disconcerting to many Americans to be told that the war we are fighting against Italian fascism is really a war against the whole history of modern Italy as it happens in fact to have taken place. It is a little disconcerting now that the fascist leader has fallen, to be told that we have been stupid to worry so much about fascism since the bright boys knew all along that it was the "throne behind the power" that really mattered. It is a little disconcerting to see the first major political victory of the war so devaluated. It will not only be disconcerting, it will be highly dangerous if Americans are led to extend Mr. Borgese's argument regarding Italy into other realms. It will be supremely dangerous if they are led by analogy from the case of Mussolini to the case of Hitler, if they are led to say that since Mussolini did not matter, and the trouble is with the King, then Hitler does not matter, and the trouble is with the German people. It will be supremely dangerous if Americans come to think that their war aims are like a series of boxes one within the other: you open one and you think the treasure is there, the reward for the war is there, the just peace is there, but you find only another box; you open it, and then another, and another, and the reward is never there. That is the kind of game a child plays with happy wonder. It is not the kind of game that men will play willingly paying for it with their lives. It will be supremely dangerous if America comes to think that the search for justice is that kind of a game.

If Americans come to think that the enemy is not those well defined and known systems called nazism and fascism together with the leaders who have built them and the military power they direct, then that will be a dangerous situation. If Americans come to think that the whole business of finding the enemy is too complicated, if they come to think that the face of the enemy is a face they cannot recognize with any certainty, if every time an enemy falls they are told that the real enemy still stands, Americans will bring a terrible simplification to the problem. Tired of being told that it is not Mussolini's crime they fight against but some deviation in the Risorgimento, they will throw the history books out the window and say simply that all Italians are responsible, all Italians are enemies. Discouraged in their belief that Hitler is their enemy they will say, simply, that all Germans are their enemies.

It is not a question of disagreeing with Borgese about the Italian Monarchy, it is simply that the war we planned, the war we thought about was directed against fascism. In that war we have won a great victory; fascism has fallen. There remains the mechanical task of taking Italy, considered as a country, as an army, out of the war. Fascism has fallen: whether the Italian people keep their King or not is no concern of ours. The ideological war against Italy is over. That is the point. There is an ideological war which is finished and a mechanical war which is not finished. There is an emotion which is taken out of the war against Italy and that is a fortunate thing because it will become possible for Italy to be considered once again as a country freed from a system which we cannot tolerate. It will become possible to make terms with Italy after Italy's defeat and to think of Italy as a country with which we can exist on a basis of honor and respect.

It is not a question of disagreeing with those who think that nazism is nothing more than the contemporary form of a permanent German search for domination. The point is that it is impossible to wage a war against Frederick the Great, against the Germanic tribes of centuries ago: the point is that we are not fighting the war of 1870: the only war we are fighting is the war of today. And so the only enemy is the nazi ideology of today. The armies in contact are the German army taking orders from Hitler and the armies of the United Nations. We cannot fight against what the Germans were five hundred years ago or what they will be five hundred years hence. What we consider evil in Germany is localized in time and space. We are fighting to drive Germans out of the occupied countries, to break Hitler's system within Germany—and that is all we are fighting to do.

One must go further. If the Italian King shares the responsibility for the war and if the Prussians and the German people share responsibility for Hitler, then it must be said that the American people and government share the responsibility for the world conditions which made war possible. That is why immediate responsibility for *this* present war, *these* present persecutions, *this* present tyranny must be limited to those directly guilty. For the blunt instrument which is war can be used safely only to defeat immediate oppression.

C. G. PAULDING.

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Two Germanies?

It all depends on which two you pick

By **J. L. Benvenisti**

I AM rediscovering as a lecturer a truth which I found out in 1914, namely that there is nothing quite so peaceful as war. One of the soldier's chief duties being to wait, more people than in peace time tend to be left with time on their hands, and indeed I suppose my job as a lecturer is to fill some of that time and prevent the bug of boredom from rotting people's minds. But the effect of having people wherever one goes always ready to listen to one, whatever one has to say, is a curious one, and my impression of England, as I look back upon the summer that is now gone, is strangely idyllic and holiday-like.

A few pictures come before my mind as I write. One is of a coast battery on a headland. I am sitting in the shadow of a gun emplacement and about fifteen men, stripped to the waist, are squatting and lying around me in the grass. An airplane, drawing a target, flies up and down in front of us in a somnambulistic sort of way, and every few minutes an anti-aircraft battery in the bay behind lets fly at it. When this happens we wait till the battery has got it out of its system, and then I go on talking and my audience goes on with its nap.

Then there was that field by the pinewoods, where a very large and pushful horse came up behind me and neighed with great emphasis all through the lecture.

Yet despite this feeling of timelessness and of being a kind of vocal hairshirt designed to prevent that part of the British Army which is left in Britain from going to sleep for the rest of the war, I am, I believe, giving a certain point to this cross-country loafing of mine, which is dignified in official records by the name of a lecture tour.

I may say that this derives from a purely individual decision. So far as I can see, once a would-be lecturer has convinced the Army authorities that he is not demonstrably a German spy, that he can more or less read and write and is in other respects not wholly unsuitable, then what he talks about depends on his own inclinations and what the troops will stand for, and at the time of writing Britain is swarming with perambulating pests like myself who, on the slightest provocation, will talk on anything from the Life of a Cowboy to Town Planning.

There is, it is true, a branch of the British Army called the Army Education Corps, who look up our trains, make our hotel reservations, supply us with cars and sometimes actually listen to us talk, but who, providing we do not rouse our audiences to actual acts of sabotage or homicide, leave us pretty well to our own devices—with one small reservation.

The Army Education Corps has got something on the brain which it calls objectivity, or when it is in more long-winded mood, "avoidance of propaganda" and, so far as I am able to judge, the thing rides them like a nightmare. They come into my bedroom at eight o'clock in the morning. They meet me on the stairs as I am going to bed. They lie in wait for me at the luncheon table and whisper injunctions to be objective like an incantation.

But despite the fact that I am here making fun of them, I must really admit that this passion of theirs is anything but a discreditable one.

There are two ideas at the bottom of it. First of all there is the very well founded belief that the British soldier will resent and reject the unscrupulous lying and biased selection of fact, which the word "propaganda" has now degenerated into meaning. It is wise of the British authorities to respect that feeling. The moral strength of our cause is strong enough to need no fictional embellishments, and the present little doings of the Germans in the occupied countries are quite sufficiently known and well authenticated for us to dispense with the artificial cultivation of hatred.

But there is yet another consideration. There is among these British Army Education people a deep and vital belief in democracy. Ever since they got on the job they have been hammering into the head of the British soldier that free institutions really do mean something, if free men will only make up their minds to use them, that the will of the people is the ultimate sovereign, if only the people will condescend to have a will, and that a self-governing nation can be really self-governing, if it will only condescend to govern itself, i.e. that if the ordinary man in the street will only cultivate an intelligent and informed opinion, there is no particular difficulty in getting that opinion translated into action. In consequence of this, the belief prevails that decisions should come from below, that people should think

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and enquire for themselves and not merely have views ladled out to them.

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How far this ideal is capable of being realized, and particularly how far it can be realized in the vital department of foreign affairs, in which people have to judge of matters which the ordinary man hears at seventeenth remove, and how far he will here still have to allow himself to be led, these are matters which time alone will show. Yet of one thing I am certain: it is that a keen and realistic perception of European affairs is now a matter of life and death to Britain.

If there is a third world war, we shall be in the position of France. We shall take the first shock. The time when we can afford the luxury of illusion in international affairs has gone. And that brings me to what I am trying to do, I am trying to tell people as objectively as I possibly can the facts about Germany and recent German history.

All this is very topical just at present because the great Vansittart debate is, at the moment, in full swing, and, as such debates often do, has muddled the issue rather worse than it was muddled before. This is not Lord Vansittart's fault. Lord Vansittart has said a great many things with which you may or may not agree, but there is nothing in the least muddle-headed in the way he states his case. The fault is in the absence in the modern mass community not only of those habits of exact observation and detached enquiry which the Army Education Corps are desperately trying to inculcate, but of any notion that an argument can serve any other purpose than the striking of emotionally satisfying attitudes.

For what has happened is this. Instead of listening to what Lord Vansittart has actually said, and agreeing with it or disagreeing with it, a certain very vocal section of the public has assumed the existence of something called Vansittartism—a term used to denote a congeries of beliefs (such as the one that all Germans should be exterminated) which neither Lord Vansittart nor, so far as I can discover, anybody else has ever entertained, and most of which Lord Vansittart has emphatically repudiated. Over against this phantasm of a religion which nobody believes in, these people have set a counter-religion called for convenience, "Anti-Vansittartism," which seems to me, if anything rather more preposterous than the Vansittart school—to which Lord Vansittart does not belong.

Unfortunately, unlike the "Vansittartites," the "anti-Vansittartites" do exist. Indeed "Anti-Vansittartism" is something that is curiously and irrationally satisfying to a certain type of mind; for the essence of the Anti-Vansittartite creed is that there are "Two Germanies." There is the Germany of "those above," of Hitler, the militarists, Junkers and industrialists, and there is the Germany of "those below," i.e., of the ordinary German people. All the trouble is, of course, due to "those above," who are afflicted with militarism, fascism, nationalism, imperialism and all the other symptoms of excessive intellectual blood pressure and fallen moral arches. "Those below," on the other hand, are completely immune from these distressing complaints, and so the problem is merely one of eliminating the wicked upper crust, and putting "those below" in charge. Then we can shake hands all round and return to our normal avocations.

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Now I maintain that to any thoughtful person, even if that person knew nothing whatever of Germany, this analysis should be suspect. The mental and moral foundation of German aggression is the belief in a superior race—a belief, by the way, which was not by any means an original emanation from the mind of Hitler or his generation, but which was the cardinal tenet of the old Pan-German movement. Indeed, Hitler has contributed singularly little to German thought. Almost all his ideas are simply the old Pan-German notions, that were flourishing and widespread thirty years before he was ever heard of.

Now this nonsense about a superior race, in the German and nationalistic sense, is the kind of nonsense that will go down with two kinds of people—the lunatic who cuts himself away from reality, locks himself in his room and spins intellectual cobwebs out of his own inner consciousness, i.e., the German Professor, and very simple people whom circumstances have prevented from knowing much about the great world, and who, when they do come across members of other nations, generally lack any adequate and satisfying means of intelligent communication, and so generally preserve an instinctive suspicion of what differs in any way from themselves.

There is a curious myth that keeps cropping up in this connection, that while the higher social strata are full of the aggressive instinct, the lower orders in different countries, the "common men," have only to contemplate each other to be filled with a glowing sense of their common humanity. The British or American working man has only to look for a moment at the Hungarian or the Jugoslav to be conscious of the fact that these men are also men like themselves, earning their bread in the sweat of their brow, loving their children, etc. I do not quite know why bankers and chartered accountants are supposed to be completely devoid of paternal affection and so unable to be drawn to their opposite numbers in other countries by this community of feeling, but apparently they are.

But it is all different with the working man. The British or American working man may some-

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times fancy himself a cut above the rest of the world. This is only temporary, however. Just give him one Jugoslav to look at and he is immediately overwhelmed with a sense of the essential equality of man.

Well, you Americans have rather better opportunities than most people for judging the correctness of such a view. You know very well in what social strata inter-racial differences are most keenly felt, and where aggressive group consciousness is likely to be more explosive. After all, the higher people are in the social scale the more they will be conscious of a common culture transcending international frontiers, and the more they will have had actual experiences of dealing with men of other nations and will be incapable of swallowing the silliest kinds of lies. But with humbler folk it is not so. If they meet men of other nations, superficial differences are liable to loom much larger, and, what is worse, when they stay at home and are cut off from meeting those who live outside, they are much more disposed to give credence to fairy tales.

So much for the *a priori* argument. I maintain that, in so far as the aggressive spirit, based on a sense of national superiority, will find a congenial lodgement anywhere, it is more likely to find it "below" than "above," and this is exactly what is confirmed in the case of Germany by those who, like the present writer, have had some experience of her. If there is one thing that can be stated as a matter of cold hard fact it is that under the old Kaiser-Reich the Pan-German movement was essentially a popular movement (and it cannot be repeated too often that Hitler's ideas are nothing but the old Pan-German ideas with new trimmings). It is true enough that the propaganda was lavishly financed by German heavy industry. But that propaganda was only the match, and the point is that the tinder which caught fire was obviously highly inflammable. There are, after all, certain kinds of propaganda which catch on, and certain kinds which fail to do so, and the determining factor is the predisposition of the audience to the propaganda in question—and what made this audience predisposed was that it was a huge mass of rather ignorant and largely homogeneous people, having all the credulity of ignorance, and just capable of grasping the fact that they were a tremendous potential power factor, a belief confirmed by the memory of a comparatively recent, and relatively painless, successful war.

Well, they have had another war since, which was not quite so painless and not quite so successful, but it has not killed the memory of the sense of power—and defeat indeed has made that sense of power a more effective anodyne. These simple people had few satisfactions in life, few stimuli to pleasure and pride, and were ready to gorge themselves emotionally on this kind of fare.

Now it seems to me, for the moment, waste of time to argue whether the blame for the conflagration rests in this case with the tinder or the match. We are not for the moment concerned with blame. I am merely concerned with the absurdity of saying that the match and not the tinder was the source of the potential danger. It seems to me that you have here quite obviously a potential demonic force which is different from anything else in the world, and that it is suicidal madness to pretend that it does not reside where it obviously does reside—in the midst of the people of Germany.

Now observe for a moment the harm done by an unscientific and emotional approach to this problem. If you are, as I am an anti-anti-Vansittartite, you are immediately labeled a Vansittartite, and when you draw attention to a cold and objective fact like the one above, namely that large numbers of Germans are particularly susceptible to a certain very dangerous kind of excitation, you are accused of fomenting international hatred, of being anti-Christian, of having no faith in the common man.

I think, by the way, that the last bit of nonsense is the most exasperating of the lot. We have heard a great deal about the common man lately, particularly from America, and a lot of it was very salutary to hear. We have heard that this is to be the age of the common man, by which people like Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Wallace mean, as I understand them, that certain fundamental human rights and dignities are to be held sacrosanct, irrespective of national or economic status. Well, I hope they are right. It is certainly about time.

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But observe what happens when mental discipline becomes the victim of emotional muddle, for the interpretation that is now put on this whole set of ideas is that the common man is somehow immune from original sin, to say nothing of short-sightedness and stupidity, and that these failings are exclusively the characteristics of the higher income groups. Now frankly I don't believe this is true; so when people accuse men like myself of lacking faith in the common man, then, if they mean by that accusation that we believe the common man to be as capable of mischief as anybody else in certain circumstances, they are quite right. We do, and if we are not allowed to say so, then Heaven help democracy.

Yet that is exactly what seems to be happening, and we have here, I am convinced, the explanation of a great deal of the animus behind all this inept bawling of "Yah! Vansittartite!" The words are simply a conventional term of abuse by which a certain type of character vents his feelings if you prevent him, anywhere or in any circumstances,

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from ascribing all the ills of mankind to the privileged and the well-to-do.

As a matter of fact, not only am I not a Vansittartite, I am not even a follower of Lord Vansittart. I differ very strongly from Lord Vansittart on a very important point. Lord Vansittart says in effect, "There are not two Germanies. There is only one. Frederick, Bismarck, Hitler and his nazis were all essentially the same kind of people. They were all typical Germans. Germans are pretty well always the same." Now I do not agree. I do not think Bismarck was in the least like Hitler. I have, as it happens, a very genuine admiration for that great man of genius which is quite obviously not shared by Lord Vansittart. I believe that Bismarck played power politics like many another, but that he played for limited and, one might almost say, reasonable and legitimate objectives, and that he did, in the main, understand the Christian values that are at the bottom of Europe. I believe the howling lunacies of Pan-Germanism would have been as detestable to him—and I can support my conviction with evidence and argument—as they are to any other sane person.

Indeed the figure of Bismarck is rather apposite in this whole connection, for Bismarck feared the same thing that I fear, though for a different reason. He feared the German nation in arms moving under the power of its own will. He feared this Frankenstein monster and would only make use of him in the chains of a dynastic harness. It seems to me that we have here the two essential German antetypes—the two essential Germanies—the dynastic Germany of Bismarck, which degenerated in the crumbling Byzantinism of William II, a Germany which had to be watched but which kept within certain limits of sanity, and the Germany of the mass with its demonic and wholly irrational potentiality. So, unlike Lord Vansittart, I do believe there are two Germanies, but I believe the anti-Vansittartites have got them the wrong way round.

However, whether I am right or wrong here is really quite secondary. The vital matter is the mental attitude with which questions of this kind are approached. It is whether we are going to approach this problem with a whole-hearted desire for the truth, or whether we will allow the debate to be obscured by an emotional fog and by the accursed politics of the slogan and the gesture.

Now you Americans can to some extent (if you are so minded) allow yourselves the luxury of this kind of fooling. Even in the next world war, if there is one, you may again have opportunities for reflection and delay. You may in the coming peace (if you feel that way) pursue a policy as silly and short-sighted as that of Britain in the interwar period—and still have time to pull yourselves together before catastrophe overtakes you. I don't say that you will have it. But you may.

But we over here shall not be in that happy position. We can no longer afford to make mistakes. In the years to come we shall need all the shrewdness, the imagination and keenness of intellectual perception we can muster just to keep alive and preserve our independence. We must be blinded neither by hatred nor by the silly catchwords of class consciousness. We must in a word learn to cultivate an almost callous but highly informed objectivity—and the question is whether a modern democracy is capable of doing that.

Land Grabbing and Uncle Mel

***By* Jesse Stuart**

WE HAD just moved onto the first farm we had ever owned when Jake Timmins walked down the path to the barn where Pa and I were nailing planks on a barn-stall. Pa stood with a nail in one hand and his hatchet in the other while I stood holding the plank. We watched this small man with a beardy face walk toward us. He took short steps and jabbed his sharpened sourwood cane into the ground as he hurried down the path.

"Wonder what he's after?" Pa asked as Jake Timmins came near the barn.

"Don't know," I said.

"Howdy, Mick," Jake said as he leaned on his cane and looked over the new barn that we had built.

"Howdy, Jake," Pa grunted, since he had heard how Jake Timmins had taken men's farms. Pa was nervous when he spoke, for I watched the hatchet shake in his hand.

"I see ye're still a-putting improve-ments on yer barn," Jake said.

"A-trying to get it fixed for winter" Pa told him.

"I'd advise ye to stop now, Mick," he said. "Jist want to be fair with ye so ye won't go ahead and do a lot of work fer me fer nothing."

"How's that, Jake?" Pa asked.

"Ye've built yer barn on my land, Mick," he said with a little laugh.

"Ain't you a-joking, Jake?" Pa asked him.

"Nope, this is my land by rights," he told Pa as he looked our new barn over. "I hate to take this

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land with this fine barn on it, but it's mine and I'll haf to take it."

"I'm afraid not, Jake," Pa said. "I've been around here since I was a boy. I know where the lines run. I know that ledge of rocks with that row of oak trees a-growing on it is the line!"

"No it hain't, Mick," Jake said. "If it goes to court, ye'll find out. The line runs from that big dead chestnut up there on the knoll, straight across this holler to the top of the knoll up there where the twin hickories grow."

"But that takes my barn, my meadow, my garden," Pa said. "That takes ten acres of the best land I have. It almost gets my house!"

The hatchet quivered in Pa's hand and his lips trembled when he spoke.

"Tim Mennix sold ye land that belonged to me," Jake said.

"But you ought to a-said something about it before I built my house and barn on it," Pa told Jake fast as the words would leave his mouth.

"Sorry, Mick," Jake said, "but I must be a-going. I've given ye fair warning that ye air a-building on my land!"

"But I bought this land," Pa told him. "I'm a-going to keep it."

"I can't hep that," Jake told Pa as he turned to walk away. "Don't tear this barn down fer it's on my property!"

"Don't worry, Jake," Pa said. "I'm not a-tearing this barn down. I'll be a-feeding my cattle in it this winter!"

Jake Timmins walked slowly up the path the way he had come. Pa and I stood watching him as he stopped and looked our barn over; then he looked at our garden that we had fenced and he looked at the new house that we had built.

"I guess he'll be a-claiming the house too," Pa said.

And just as soon as Jake Timmins crossed the ledge of rocks that separated our farms Pa threw his hatchet to the ground and hurried from the barn.

"Where are you a-going, Pa?" I asked.

"To see Tim Mennix."

"Can I go too?"

"Come along," he said.

We hurried over the mountain path toward Tim Mennix's shack. He lived two miles from us. Pa's brogan shoes rustled the fallen leaves that covered the path. October wind moaned among the leafless treetops. Soon as we reached the shack we found Tim cutting wood near his woodshed.

"What's the hurry, Mick?" Tim asked Pa who stood wiping sweat from his October-leaf colored face with his blue bandanna.

"Jake Timmins is a-trying to take my land," Pa told Tim.

"Ye don't mean it?"

"I do mean it," Pa said. "He's just been to see me and he said the land where my barn, garden and meadow were belonged to him. Claims about ten acres of the best land I got. I told him I bought it from you and he said it didn't belong to you to sell."

"That ledge of rocks and the big oak trees that grow along the backbone of the ledge has been the line fer seventy years," Tim said. "But lissen, Mick, when Jake Timmins wants a piece of land, he takes it."

"People told me he's like that," Pa said. "I was warned against buying my farm because he's like that. People said he'd steal all my land if I lived beside him ten years."

"He'll have it before then, Mick," Tim Mennix told Pa in a trembling voice. "He didn't have but an acre to start from. That acre was a bluff where three farms jined and no one fenced it in because it was worthless and they didn't want it. He had a deed made fer this acre and he's had forty lawsuits when he set his fence over on other people's farms and took their land, but he goes to court and wins every time."

"I'll have the County Surveyor, Finn Madden, to survey my lines," Pa said.

"That won't hep any," Tim told Pa. "There's been more people kilt over the line fences that he's surveyed than has been kilt over any other one thing in this county. Surveyor Finn Madden's a good friend to Jake."

"But he's the County Surveyor," Pa said. "I'll haf to have him."

"Jake Timmins is a dangerous man," Tim Mennix warned Pa. "He's dangerous as a loaded double-barrel shotgun with both hammers cocked."

"I've heard that," Pa said. "I don't want any trouble. I'm a married man with a family."

When we reached home, we saw Jake upon the knoll at the big chestnut tree sighting across the hollow to the twin hickories on the knoll above our house. And as he sighted across the hollow, he walked along and drove stakes into the ground. He set one stake in our front yard, about five feet from the corner of our house. Pa started out on him once but Mom wouldn't let him go. Mom said let the law settle the dispute over the land.

And that night Pa couldn't go to sleep. I was awake and heard him a-walking the floor when the clock struck twelve. I knew that Pa was worried, for Jake was the most feared man among our hills. He had started with one acre and now had over four hundred acres that he had taken from other people.

Next day Surveyor Finn Madden and Jake ran a line across the hollow just about on the same line that Jake had surveyed with his own eyes. And while Surveyor Finn Madden looked through the instrument, he had Jake to set the stakes and drive them into the ground with a pole ax. They

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worked at the line all day. And when they had finished surveying the line, Pa went up on the knoll at the twin hickories behind our house and asked Surveyor Finn Madden if his line was right.

"Surveyed it right with the deed," he told Pa. "Tim Mennix sold you land that didn't belong to him."

"Looks like this line would've been surveyed before I built my barn," Pa said.

"Can't see why it wasn't," he told Pa. "Looks like you're a-losing the best part of your farm, Mick."

Then Surveyor Finn Madden, a tall man with a white beard, and Jake Timmins went down the hill together.

"I'm not so sure that I'm a-losing the best part of my farm," Pa said. "I'm not a-going to sit down and take it! I know Jake's a land thief and it's time his stealing land is stopped."

"What are you a-going to do, Pa?" I asked.

"Don't know," he said.

"You're not a-going to hurt Jake over the land, are you?"

He didn't say anything but he looked at the two men as they turned over the ledge of rocks and out of sight.

"You know Mom said the land wasn't worth hurting anybody over," I said.

"But it's my land," Pa said.

And that night Pa walked the floor. And Mom got out of bed and talked to him and made him go to bed. And that day Sheriff Eif Whiteapple served a notice on Pa to keep his cattle out of the barn that we had built. The notice said that the barn belonged to Jake Timmins. Jake ordered us to put our chickens up, to keep them off his garden when it was our garden. He told us not to let anything trespass on his land and his land was on the other side of the stakes. We couldn't even walk in part of our yard.

"He'll have the house next if we don't do something about it," Pa said.

Pa walked around our house in a deep study. He was trying to think of something to do about it. Mom talked to him. She told him to get a lawyer and fight the case in court. But Pa said something had to be done to prove that the land belonged to us; though we had a deed for our land in our trunk. And before Sunday came, Pa dressed in his best clothes.

★

"Where're you a-going, Mick?" Mom asked.

"A-going to see Uncle Mel," he said. "He's been in a lot of line-fence fights and he could give me some good advice!"

"We hate to stay here and you gone, Mick," Mom said.

"Just don't step on property Jake laid claim to until I get back," Pa said. "I'll be back soon as I can. Some time next week you can look for me."

Pa went to West Virginia to get Uncle Mel. And while he was gone, Jake Timmins hauled wagon loads of hay and corn to the barn that we had built. He had taken over as if it were his own and that he would always have it. We didn't step beyond the stakes where Surveyor Finn Madden had surveyed. We waited for Pa to come. And when Pa came, Uncle Mel came with him carrying a long-handled double-bitted ax and a turkey of clothes across his shoulder. Before they reached the house, Pa showed Uncle Mel the land Jake Timmins had taken.

"Land hogs air pizen as copperhead snakes," Uncle Mel said, then he fondled his long white beard in his hand. Uncle Mel was eighty-two years old, but his eyes were keen as sharp pointed briars and his shoulders were broad and his hands were big and rough. He had been a timber-cutter all his days and he was still a-cutting timber in West Virginia at the age of eighty-two. "He can't do this to ye, Mick!"

Uncle Mel was madder than Pa when he looked over the new line that they had surveyed from the dead chestnut on one knoll to the twin hickories on the other knoll.

"Anybody would know the line wouldn't go like that," Uncle Mel said. "The line would follow the ridge."

"Looks that way to me too," Pa said.

"He's a-stealing yer land, Mick," Uncle Mel said. "I'll hep ye get yer land back. He'll never beat me. I've had to fight too many squatters a-trying to take my land. I know how to fight 'em with the law."

That night Pa and Uncle Mel sat before the fire and Uncle Mel looked over Pa's deed. Uncle Mel couldn't read very well and when he came to a word he couldn't read, I told him what it was.

"We'll haf to have a court order first, Mick," Uncle Mel said. "When we get the court order, I'll find the line."

I didn't know what Uncle Mel wanted with a court order, but I found out after he got it. He couldn't chop on a line tree until he got an order from the court. And soon as Pa got the court order and gathered a group of men for witnesses, Uncle Mel started work on the line fence.

"Sixteen rods from the dead chestnut due north," Uncle Mel said, and we started measuring sixteen rods due north.

"That's the oak tree, there," Uncle Mel said.

It measured exactly sixteen rods from the dead chestnut to the blackoak tree.

"Deed said the oak was blazed," Uncle Mel said, for he'd gone over the deed until he'd memorized it.

"See the scar, men," Uncle Mel said.

"But that was done seventy years ago," Pa said.

"Funny about the testimony of trees," Uncle

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Mel told Pa, Tim Mennix, Orbie Dorton and Dave Sperry. "The scar will allus stay on the outside of a tree well as on the inside. The silent trees will keep their secrets."

Uncle Mel started chopping into the tree. He swung his ax over his shoulder and bit out a slice of wood every time he struck. He cut a neat block into the tree until he found a dark place deep inside the tree.

"Come, men, and look," Uncle Mel said. "Look at that scar. It's as pretty a scar as I ever seen in the heart of a tree!"

And while Uncle Mel wiped sweat with his blue bandanna from his white beard, we looked at the scar.

"It's a scar, all right," Tim Mennix said, since he had been a timber-cutter most of his life and knew a scar on a tree.

"Think that was cut seventy years ago," Orbie Dorton said. "That's when the deed was made and the old survey was run."

"We'll see if it's been seventy years ago," Uncle Mel said as he started counting the rings in the tree. "Each ring is a year's growth."

We watched Uncle Mel pull his knife from his pocket, open the blade and touch each ring with his knife blade point as he counted the rings across the square he had chopped into the tree. Uncle Mel counted exactly seventy rings from the bark to the scar.

"Ain't it the line tree, boys?" Uncle Mel asked.

"Can't be anything else," Dave Sperry said.

And then Uncle Mel read the deed which called for a mulberry thirteen rods due north from the blackoak. We measured to the mulberry and Uncle Mel cut his notch to the scar and counted the rings. It was seventy rings from the bark to the scar. Ten more rods we came to the poplar the deed called for, and he found the scar on the outer bark and inside the tree. We found every tree the deed called for but one, and we found its stump. We surveyed the land from the dead chestnut to the twin hickories. We followed it around the ledge.

"We have the evidence to take to court," Uncle Mel said. "I'd like to bring the jurymen right here to this line fence to show 'em."

"I'll go right to town and put this thing in court," Pa said.

"I'll go around and see the men that have lost land to Jake Timmins," Uncle Mel said. "I want 'em to be at the trial."

Before our case got to court, Uncle Mel had shown seven of our neighbors how to trace their lines and get their land back from Jake Timmins. And when our trial was called, the courthouse was filled with people who had lost land and who had disputes with their neighbors over line fences, attending the trial to see if we won. Jake Timmins, Surveyor Finn Madden and their lawyer, Henson Stapleton, had produced their side of the question before the jurors and we had lawyer Sherman Stone and our witnesses to present our side, while all the landowners Jake Timmins had stolen land from listened to the trial. The foreman of the jury asked the members of the jury to be taken to the line fence.

"Now here's the way to tell where a line was blazed on saplings seventy years ago," Uncle Mel said as he showed them the inner mark on the line oak; then he showed them the outward scar. Uncle Mel took them along the line fence and showed them each tree that the deed called for all but the one that had fallen.

"It's plain as the nose on your face," Uncle Mel would say every time he explained each line tree. "Too many land thieves in this county and a county surveyor the devil won't have in hell."

After Uncle Mel had explained the line fence to the jurors, they followed Sheriff Whiteapple and his deputies back to the courtroom. Pa went with them to get the decision. Uncle Mel waited at our house for Pa to return.

"That land will belong to Mick," Uncle Mel told us. "And the hay and corn in that barn will belong to him."

When Pa came home, there was a smile on his face.

"It's yer land ain't it, Mick?" Uncle Mel asked.

"It's still my land," Pa said, "and sixteen men are now filing suits to recover their land. Jake Timmins won't have but an acre left."

"Remember the hay and corn he put in yer barn is yourn," Uncle Mel said.

Uncle Mel got up from his chair, stretched his arms. Then he said, "I must be back on my way to West Virginia."

"Can't you stay longer with us, Uncle Mel?" Pa said.

"I must be a-getting back to cut timber," he said. "If ye have any more land troubles write me."

We tried to get Uncle Mel to stay longer. But he wouldn't stay. He left with his turkey of clothes and his long-handled, double-bitted ax across his shoulder. We waved goodby to him as he walked slowly down the path and out of sight on his way to West Virginia.

The Stage & Screen

Blossom Time

ONE, evidently, of a series of innocuous revivals being presented the town by Shuberts, this operetta must be familiar stuff to anyone over ten who has ever got near a radio. Based on the life and disappointments of shy Franz Schubert in gay Vienna, the piece is very old hat indeed and this time, old hat without any feathers.

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It would be difficult to describe the settings as other than well chosen by Watson Baratt; the costumes as less than extremely varied with regard to period and place (several little Mexican numbers catching my eye in the finale); and the direction, by J. J. Schubert himself, as more nor less than absent-minded. A choreographer is also mentioned in the list although I could not locate the dancing, at least not on the stage. But the main objection to the evening was certainly the degree of unintelligibility displayed by the players—due either to abominable diction or to the bad acoustics of the house. I am inclined to the former view, as Alexander Gray, playing Schubert, gave not only a plausible but a perceptible performance; although his partner, Dorothy Scully as Mitzi, could not be understood throughout the entire three acts. There was no question of Miss Scully being *heard,* as her top notes must easily have reached all the way down to the Plymouth and right into "The Skin of Our Teeth"; it was simply that no one could understand what she was taking on about. However, again on the side of the audience, Doug Leavitt came through clearly as old Kranz; and I thought Helene Arthur as Belabruna contributed a certain style to a scattered production.

It is difficult to estimate whether the Messrs. Shubert have only a fervent contempt for their public or whether they honestly believe that this sort of froth is the trick for now. The general opinion around the lobby last night seemed to be that if one could only understand what was being said and sung, it might be some sort of fun. (*At the Ambassador.*)

The Snark Was a Boojum

IT IS a pleasure to announce that this inexcusable little offering Messrs. Yokel plus Faggen was promptly in-again-out-again at the 48th Street, so that I am under no compulsion to warn you away. Constructed by Owen Davis from the novel of the same name, and obscurely staged by Alexander Kirkland, it was as full of unresolved clues as a machine-made bun—the mystery at the final curtain being total, and leaving everyone, including the cast, in a state of apology. However, credit is due for the most perfect snowfall seen on the street in any season. After years of Russian and Norwegian weather feebly arranged by the prop-boys of the past, I found my attention riveted to the clear crystal fall outside the one window of Frederick Fox's Connecticut set; snow—white shining, and constant throughout three acts. Unfortunately, after some two hours of it, it came over me that this blizzard was, yes, yes it must be—Soap Flakes; and that this was undoubtedly why I and the rest of the house were present in such an obviously dingy state. All the Soap Flakes that we couldn't buy were here, and being thrown about with complete abandon. If my surmisal is correct, it is clear that Messrs. Yokel plus Faggen had better concede. A small parcel of Duz, Lux, or whatever it was, to those of us who can prove attendance, and the scandal will go no further—will, in fact, be remembered with gratitude. And since one cannot quarrel with actors because of their lines, I should like to mention Jane Huszagh who seems to understand at an early age that an actress's chin belongs

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in the air; to thank Catherine Willard for a neat job; and most of all, to commiserate with Frank Wilcox. As the greatest exponent of the running entrance on our stage today, I can only hope to bang into Mr. Wilcox again, later in the season when he should have (please) something to say. KAPPO PHELAN.

Hail!

"THERE are no words high enough to praise you," says one of the Army officers in *"So Proudly We Hail!"* to the nurses who served so heroically at Bataan and Corregidor. No words, perhaps—but certainly this movie personifies the praise these brave women deserve. The film opens in May, 1942 with the arrival in Australia of eight worn-out, bedraggled nurses who just escaped from the Philippines. Because their lieutenant (Claudette Colbert) is in a stupor from which she cannot be roused, the doctor in charge asks the other nurses to tell their story. And as the women relate the events from December 1941 when their ship left San Francisco, a series of flashbacks show us how this group as well as other men and women suffered and fought gallantly.

At first one gets the impression from the storybookish start that this film is going to be overbalanced with romance and that it is just another star-laden movie with a war setting. Paulette Goddard plays a frivolous flirt and toys with the sincere attentions of a handsome blond yokel from Kansas (except for his Boston accent Sonny Tufts does very well in his first film role). Claudette Colbert bravely announces this is no time for love as she turns down the ardent suit of an officer in the medical corps (George Reeves). After Pearl Harbor, their boat joins a convoy, picks up survivors from a torpedoed ship, makes its way to the Philippines. Among the survivors is a chilly, unpleasant nurse (Veronica Lake) who refuses to cooperate. She reveals how the Japs strafed the man she was to marry. Now bitter, she will devote her life to killing Japs. Somehow the drama up to this point seems overdone, too hysterical and sentimental. But once this entire party reaches the Philippines one realizes that this film is sincere.

At Bataan and Corregidor, the film's action is full of sudden death and the terrors of war. Although very few Japs appear, the enemy is portrayed as ruthless killers who will dispose of all who stand in their way. In fact the Japs meet no setback at all. The film emphasizes our unpreparedness in the Philippines, the bravery of both the Americans and Filipinos in the defense which they realized was only a delaying action, and the unfailing sacrifices of the nurses who tended the wounded and greatly aided morale by their presence.

Mark Sandrich deserves major credit for this outstanding film. He produced, directed and, with Allan Scott, wrote the original story on which it is based. He wisely turned from the romantic angle, that seemed to be walking away with the plot, to portray the grim business of war during that period when discouragement followed defeat. He guided Colbert, Goddard and Lake (the latter in a difficult role which she handles well in spite of its sordid aspects) and a large number of less-known players through a maze of characterizations which stand out for their integrity. While the film is overly long and screeches at times with nervous tensity, it succeeds in putting over the point that this is everybody's conflict. "This is our war, and this time it will be our peace."

I am not certain about the new Walter Wanger film, *"We've Never Been Licked."* I can't decide whether it's just another Hollywood misconception of college life plus 30 minutes of hopped-up melodrama for its ending or whether it really shows us what goes on during four years at Texas A. & M. College and is merely embellished by a few exciting imaginative flights for the climax and finale. In any case after several reels of tiresome hazing, talk about "taking it," college emotionalism and tradition, one is likely to come to the conclusion that maybe our hero Brad (Richard Quine) is right in rebelling. After all, he came many miles to get an education in agriculture so that one day he could instruct Filipino farmers. Perhaps he made his mistake in selecting a military school that calls its Freshmen "fish," and treats them accordingly. Then again there is something to be said for the rigorous training of this famous college. It has turned out soldiers who have proved themselves in war.

So we see Brad go through his paces. He is fortunate in having a room-mate (Noah Beery, Jr.) who makes helpful suggestions when Brad objects too strongly to "the moronic sophomores." The grand-daughter (Anne Gwynne) of one of the professors is a little helpful too, although she seemed too much of a snob for a campus belle. The script gets Brad as far as his senior year (we actually see a few scenes that show him learning some agriculture) when things turn melodramatic in a big way. Our hero, who has befriended some Jap students, is accused of selling an anti-gas formula to them. (The two Jap students and the gardener turn out to be spies.) Although the accusation is not proved, Brad is ostracized and kicked out of school. He pretends to play along with the Japs and then later pulls some big heroics when the Japs are invading the Solomons. I was never quite sure why Brad felt he had to put on this man-without-a-country act, but he does and everything turns out all right because he is posthumously awarded a Congressional Medal. The sets, costumes and acting in Wanger's film are excellent. Some judicious cutting would have helped the picture; however the repeated hazing scenes and all the college atmosphere might appeal to young audiences. John Rawlins directed the screenplay by Norman Reilly Paine and Nick Grinde. Milton Krasner's photography is outstanding.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Stefan George

By MAX FISCHER

WHILE the second World War is moving to a climax, the spiritual life of the nations tries again to build a bridge from Rhine to Hudson. At this moment appears a bi-lingual edition of Stefan George's poems.* The English version, by Carol North Valhope and Ernst Morwitz, one of George's younger friends, is a work of

*Pantheon. $2.75.

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American-German cooperation. This publication signifies nothing short of an entrance into the Anglo-Saxon world of a great and specifically German poet. For on the whole the translators reached the goal they set themselves: to trace and cast into adequate form the inner rhythm of the original.

A bi-lingual edition will always aim at helping the foreign reader to understand the original. Therefore the translators should prefer **faithfulness to brilliancy. Val-**hope and Morwitz have followed this line loyally. Never has a verse from one stanza been shifted to another, and the stanzas themselves are always kept intact. In a few cases, George's poems have been transformed into English poems of equal rank; nearly always the translation is readable, intelligible **in word and structure.**

This English-German edition is a selection, comprising hardly more than a tenth of the poet's works. It is somewhat objectionable that some important poems—expressing George's world outlook—are missing, such as, for instance, the two proclamations "War" and "The Poet in Times of Confusion," which had a tremendous effect upon Germany's younger generation.

In the most successful era of Bismarck's Germany, Stefan George was born, on July 12, 1868, in a vineyard village on the Rhine. When Stefan was ten years old, the family moved to the nearby town of Bingen. His father had achieved prosperity as a wine grower and the poet was not only an appreciative judge of a good vintage, but knew how to draw bottles from a keg as expertly as any professional.

From his thirteenth to his twentieth year George attended the Gymnasium at Darmstadt, where he acquired not only his love for Greek and Roman antiquity, but also the foundations of French, English and Italian. (From these literatures he later on translated many essential works.) His father's generosity enabled him to travel to England, Denmark, Holland, France, Italy and Spain. He became acquainted with many writers and artists of European fame and then began to create in his own right. At the age of twenty-four he brought out a new periodical, *Blätter für die Kunst,* which was published from 1892 to 1919 in a very limited edition. There can be no doubt that, of all German periodicals of that time, this was the most profoundly effective in thought and expression.

George's poetry tends toward economy and denseness of expression. Even in his early volumes one finds poems shorn of every superfluous word, rhythms that move as in winged dance:

> By shimmering hedges row,
> Through surge of the withering trails
> And songs of lighted sprays,
> Clinging together we go
> Like fabled siblings in tales
> And falter with spell-dazzled gaze.

From the very outset George's poetry is filled with a longing for beauty. Of what use, he asks, is the freedom of the masses if by lack of higher inspiration or by lack of discipline they lose the beautiful dignity simple folk had in the former days? What use economic progress if we are losing grace? The antithesis of the Nazarenes and Hellenes, with which the romanticists—Schlegel, Heine, Wagner, Nietzsche—had wrestled in the nineteenth century, became also George's problem. He has ever longed for a revival of pagan strength and abundance. Yet he would not efface Christianity's enrichment of the world, and the power of the Antichrist was real to him.

I should like to emphasize the fact that Stefan George was born and died a Catholic. Although, during long periods of his life he was not a practicing Catholic, and although certain of his poems between 1900 and 1914 are worthy of condemnation, these inner ties to the Catholic tradition are most significant. For from Catholicism comes that synthesis of German inwardness and Latin strength of form which characterizes the poet. The unformed world of the East, to which so many of his German contemporaries looked for new revelations, is strange and hostile to George. His cultural sphere is that of Latin Christendom, the world on which Rome was able to imprint her seal of order.

Where George expressly advocates Catholic values, you will always observe that it is not Christian teachings but the beauty and dignity of the triumphant Church which are fascinating to him. One should note, for instance, how, in the closing verses of his well-known poem dedicated to Pope Leo XIII, his devoutness is not the outcome of religious emotion but derives from the hallowed beauty of the liturgical service:

> When all adorned with symbols of his office,
> Uplifted with the baldachin—a pattern
> Of lofty splendor and divine dominion—
> Ensheathed in veils of incense and of candles,
> To all the globe of earth he grants his blessings,
> Then prostrate on the ground we sink: believers,
> Who melt into the thousand-headed masses,
> That moved with mystery, grow beautiful.

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A youth named Maximin embodied for George the ultimate perfection of the human race. He hails his physical beauty and his sunny spirit. What the meeting with Beatrice meant to Dante, the encounter and Maximin seems to mean for George: the awakening of a new creative beginning. When, after a short time, the youth Maximin was snatched from him by death, the poet was able to free the memory of his young friend from everything humanly-all-too-human and to lift him into the realm of the Gods.

Maximin side by side with Christ—what a blasphemy! As a Christian you are not allowed to make bodily beauty a measure of godliness. For the Christian the body is "the prison" of the soul, while in George's philosophy body and soul are manifestations of the same substance. As he says to a painter: "Body, soul—these are only words of changeable reality. . . . I don't know whether you painted the body or the soul." He strains to realize all godliness in perfect man, all eternity in the moment of ultimate perfection. In this way he shifts the values of Christian philosophy, which is deeply aware of the unattainableness of sinful man's perfection and the fleetness of the passing moment.

But involved with these pagan thoughts we find in George's last books emotions and prophecies which ring out in harmony with the Christian scale of values. At a time when Spengler proclaimed the "Decline of the West," George announced the "New Spring of Life" that would follow the "infamous" years and a "new generation that will again gauge men and things by real standards." Out of the "horrible signals" of this age George wants to lead his followers into the "New Realm"; a realm not founded on greed for power and hatred, like the utopias of materialistic idols, with which the prophets of the underworld inflamed the masses, but on the indestructible force of Love: "Love engendered the World; again shall Love engender it." The nations will be guided by a new aristocracy; not by Junkers, but by leaders, emerging sporadically from any stratum of the nation:

> New nobility you wanted
> Does not hail from crown or scutcheon.
> Men of whatsoever level
> Show their lust in venal glances,
> Show their greeds in ribald glances . . .
>
> Scions rare of rank intrinsic
> Grow from masses, not from peerage,
> And you will detect your kindred
> By the light within their eyes.

George owed his popularity with the conservative youth of Germany to such verses, which opposed the vulgarization of life and admonished the young generation not to squander its strength, and to remain faithful to the deeper ardors of life. The German "youth movement" has been deeply impressed by George's poems.

Does this attitude of George mean hatred of democracy and propaganda for totalitarism? This question has often been debated since the National Socialists usurped power in Germany. Did not George argue in unmistakable terms against "the shallow marshes of fabricated brotherhood" and against the "cerebral flimsiness" of the Leftist literati? On the other hand, his words about the "poisonous tinsel" and "the cliffs of audacious conceit," from which he hoped to see German youth spared, seemed to strike out at the nazis, whose racial theories George repudiated.

> You dark or blond, the selfsame womb begot you,
> Each seeks and hates and does not know his brother,
> Forever roams and never is fulfilled.

Stefan George contested the existence of a "pure" race in Germany, seeing in the profuse blendings of racial strains one of the causes for Germany's artistic abundance, but lack of artistic finish. And it was furthermore apparent to all who knew him that the petty-bourgeois touchiness of the nazi ideology, Hitler's and Rosenberg's philistine views on art, induced in him a reaction of utter nausea. Nevertheless the cliques of literary parlor Bolsheviks reviled the uncomfortably exclusive poet because of the fact that the gnome Joseph Goebbels had once been a disciple of George's disciple, Friedrich Gundolf, a Heidelberg professor of literature (as if any teacher could be held responsible for the further development of his pupils).

Goebbels realized the significance it might have if the man whom he regarded as Germany's greatest living poet could be won over to active collaboration. Goebbels failed to realize that in the days of the Weimar Republic George had declined an invitation to join the most distinguished collective body of German poets not only because he disapproved the cultural policy of the régime, but because every joint collaboration with authors, whom he despised as slaves to the *Zeitgeist,* was odious to him. How could he accept an offer to become the president of poetasters who flattered the nazis in bad style and with the devotion of courtiers?

Like Plato, George had occasionally toyed with the ambitious dream of changing over the material world more in accordance with his visions by direct political influence. Now that the power was about to be placed into his hands, he realized that he could not use it. For it would have changed him from a sovereign spiritual leader into a slave of the government machine. The prestige of his name would have been unscrupulously misused to cover up the politics of Hitler, from whose vulgarity and appeal to the mass instincts his sensitive nature shrank in horror.

Without a trace of self-pity Stefan George, a sick man of sixty-five, packed a trunk with his modest personal belongings and moved to Lago Maggiore. On the hospitable soil of Switzerland, which later also granted a peaceful autumn of life to that other great contemporary German poet, Alfred Mombert, he spent his days in quiet contemplation. He withdrew from all public expression. Perhaps he believed that he would outlive the intermezzo of German barbarism. But on December 4, 1933, Stefan George died.

Goebbels tried to play on the deceased George the propaganda trick which he had sought to use against the living man. The gnome offered to have the corpse of the poet brought home with great solemnity, to provide it with a state funeral and lay it in its eternal rest in one of

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Germany's great cathedrals. This, too, would have furthered the illusion that George's aspirations ran parallel to those of Hitler.

The friends who gathered at George's death-bed considered it their duty to prevent such perversion of the historic truth. In great haste they carried the remains of their "master" into a little chapel, had the requiem read, and buried the gardener's son from the German Rhine among the gardeners' sons with Italian names, in the cemetery of Minusio. Thus they preserved the memory of a great German poet, who died a voluntary exile from Hitler's despotism, and robbed nazi demagoguery of any claim on his personality. George's work will outlive to inspire a new German generation, bitterly condemning the day of Hitler, and to console them with his wisdom:

> I saw the Pharaohs gazing through millennia
> With eyes of stone, by tears of ours burdened,
> By dreams of ours weighed . . . as we, they also
> Knew: desert shift with gardens, frost with blaze,
> Night comes for sun—atonement for delight.
> And though despair and dark engulf us: One Thing
> That ever was—none knows it—is eternal,
> And youth and flowers laugh and songs resound.

Editors' Choice

UNION RIGHTS AND UNION DUTIES. *Joel Seidman. Harcourt.* $2.50.

TAMBOURINE, TRUMPET AND DRUM. *Sheila Kaye-Smith. Harper.* $2.50.

NEW WORLD A-COMING. *Roi Ottley. Houghton Mifflin.* $3.00.

Pegler Must Be Wrong

IN 1842, just about a hundred years ago, in the case of Commonwealth v. Hunt, the principle was established once and for all that trade unions are not illegal conspiracies. As Joel Seidman makes clear in his excellent book, "Union Rights and Union Duties," however, it has taken most of the hundred years since then for the unions themselves to establish the fact that they are a permanent and necessary part of American life.

Some people, such as Westbrook Pegler, still don't believe it. The last issue of the Newspaper Guild *Reporter* carries a cartoon in which a heavy-jowled figure marked "American Fascist" is leaning over the shoulder of a hard-looking character who is clawing at a typewriter. He says: "Westbrook, I think 'Labor stinks' is two words." Not very subtle, not very funny, but you get the idea, you understand just what labor thinks of Pegler—not racketeer labor, communist labor, but a respectable, right wing CIO union of newspaper men. And they should know.

And yet, who can deny that he of the poison pen has done a deal of good? He may not have been the first to uncover various racketeers, but he focussed the strong light of public opinion on their squirming, lice-infested bodies. He exerted pressure on law-enforcement agencies, and a number of men went to jail who belonged there. Mr. Seidman's book tells you about them. They existed in the labor movement. They still do. Nobody can deny it.

Mr. Seidman is a good man to have around. He sees both sides of the question and that is what separates him and every objective, honest man from Mr. Pegler. Mr. Seidman sees, for example, that for every Scalise, Bioff, Bambrick and Fay there have been one and maybe two Insulls, Whitneys, Hopsons and Musicas. It is interesting and significant that a few years ago when James J. Bambrick was hitting the front pages every day for stealing money from elevator operators and janitors the operations of Howard C. Hopson, president of Associated Gas and Electric, were being buried way back in the financial pages. And yet, if we remember rightly, something around $20,000,000 stuck to Hopson's adhesive fingers, while Bambrick's take was maybe 1 percent of that—mere pin money. But Mr. Bambrick was a union official and that naturally made everything very different.

It so happens too, as Mr. Seidman points out, that over the years employers have done pretty well as a class and until quite recently industrial workers were doing rather badly. One would think that fact would entitle them to some sympathy. Perhaps they did occasionally use violence in strikes. It was as nothing compared with the assorted varieties of mayhem, murder, trickery and treachery used by the employers in their efforts to frustrate the struggle of their employees to organize in "unions of their own choosing."

But now labor, unless the present reaction rolls back the carpet of history a few years, has come fairly well into its own. Mr. Seidman, who has been a field examiner for the National Labor Relations Board and knows whereof he speaks, believes that in many areas of modern life trade unions have secured so much power over job opportunities that they can no longer escape a larger measure of public regulation. We are inclined to agree with him. Specifically he recommends a law to forbid any union from setting up unreasonable bars or obstacles to new members, whatever their race or creed, and another law to create special commissions to review cases involving intra-union discipline (suspensions, expulsions, etc.), particularly in closed shops. Maybe later it would be necessary to have public supervision of union elections and union finances, but first things first. We think these are excellent, moderate recommendations.

In fact, Mr. Seidman has written a very useful book packed with illustrative incident and references to famous labor cases, scholarly, impartial and still interesting. At first we thought "oh, just another academic book on labor," but we were wrong. If you want to be up to date on the labor question "Union Rights and Union Duties" is for you.

Englishwoman in Three Wars

SHEILA KAYE-SMITH now seems to be able to turn with facility from historical novels to tales about recent times. On the whole her historical novels are much better, for they deal with the great issues at stake in England's religious wars. A book such as "Superstition Corner" attains remarkable emotional heights. "Tambourine, Trumpet and Drum," while it deals most of the time with matters of less depth and moment, indicates considerable progress on her part in handling the modern scene. There is something strikingly actual about the narrative all the way from the opening Boer War period down to the warfare which in the form of attacks from the air finally reaches the quiet corner of England where the entire action of the novel unfolds.

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It is a period piece, a family chronicle and primarily the study of frustration—the life of Sibylla Landless of Monypenny Crescent, Marlingate, Sussex, as it was affected by England's three twentieth century wars. In the first, Victorian ignorance of the world led her to give her heart—irrevocably though nothing came of it—to a flirtatious admirer already married. In what we used to call "the Great War," Sibylla centered her devotion upon a High Church Anglican curate and proceeded to confuse her genuine religious experiences in the solitude of St. Nicholas church with her highly imaginative, consciously unearthly passion for Dr. Tom Hardcastle. In the current war she is an old woman who refuses to take flight when Marlingate is abandoned by virtually all the civilian populace.

One reason that it all seems so actual is the author's skill at drawing character, especially her principal characters. She is particularly good, when the person is as disagreeable as Sibylla's lifelong friend and contemporary, Violet Faircloth. The life story of Myra Landless has convincing religious implications. And the way Sibylla stands up under the terrible blows that descend upon her right down to her defiant end indicates the author's belief that such a life need not be empty at all.

All About Harlem

THIS Life-in-America prize book seems rather mistitled. "New World A-Coming," with "Inside Black America" as sub-title, is scarcely what you would think. It is an intimate anatomical story of Harlem, and deals with other Negro phenomena and noumena only as they impinge upon these few square miles on Manhattan Island. Reading it, you would hardly guess that there is another and perhaps even more crowded colored section in Brooklyn, and you would get almost no idea of what goes on in the South, or in other Northern towns. But you get an extremely good idea of what goes on in Harlem and of the many things which have gone on all over the country leading to Harlem.

This is as it should be. You badly need a focal point if you are to form any conception of the sprawling, diversified life of the American Negro; obviously for this Harlem is the only possible choice. It is the largest Negro city in the world. It is certainly the most fantastically mixed city imaginable. It contains practically every religion, every racial blend, almost every culture the world can offer—with the single exception of lily-white, middle-class Anglo-Saxon. Here are Catholics and Protestants and vaguely Christian cultists; here are Negro Jews—thousands of them—and Mohammedans and people who pass for Buddhists. Here are people who speak English with a thousand accents, and people who speak practically no English at all. By and large, all these people live in crammed, confined space, with a minimum of privacy or even of decent comfort—excepting always the limited area occupied by Harlem's own middle class.

The author of this local history, which is also a cosmic history, Roi Ottley, has long been a journalist and columnist in New York's *Amsterdam Star News*. In doing his job he has behind him his editorship of an unpublished New York City Writers Project compilation entitled "Negroes of New York." And so it is only fair to bow in passing to the WPA as partly responsible for the excellence of this book. For it is an excellent book. You could do much worse than read this book first off if you wish to acquaint yourself with the principal elements in America's greatest social problem—racial tension.

The only fair criticism of "New World A-Coming" would seem to be on the negative rather than the positive side. What it says and what it covers it says well and it covers adequately; it omits considering some things altogether. Of these, two have a certain importance. The first is the part played by Catholics in this whole complex—a part which deserves both high praise and real blame. The second is the ideological impact of contemporary forms of radical thought upon the mind of the Negro intellectual. Mr. Ottley makes it clear that there is such an impact, but he does not make it clear what the nature of that impact may be.

A word also needs saying about his style. It is high grade journalese. Which means that it is palatable in relatively short doses, but becomes very monotonous and mechanical if you try to read his 350 pages straight through. But don't let this discourage you.

More Books of the Week

Education at the Crossroads. Jacques Maritain. Yale University. $2.00.

I HAVE endeavored to state elsewhere (New York Herald Tribune Books) what seem to me the acceptable and the unacceptable educational contentions in Maritain's very valuable and stimulating book, from the point of view of secular education in America generally. Perhaps it will not be thought presumptuous to discuss here at least one of the important points our friend makes on the problem of religious education. He alludes to the paradox that, despite the failure of parents (whom we might assume would be the perfect, because most interested, educators) "extra-educational" influences "exert on man an action which is more important in the achievement of his education than education itself." He enumerates, without intending to be exhaustive, a number of influences such as work, pain, social customs, liturgical feasts, "the common wisdom embodied in the behavior of the people." He does not stress, though I should, the reading which is done at random, without direction, and which seems to indicate the unconscious preference of the young mind. But he quotes Bergson most appropriately in support of the "transcendent" influence of the heroic, of the saint and the martyr, in whom aspiration "toward the Infinite Love" is made manifest.

Now all that is said on this engrossing subject by Maritain is true, but I believe it is not true unless the specific educational experience which accompanies acquaintance with the influences alluded to is right. The teacher can make all these other things valuable, or he can rob them of value. That is his awe-inspiring, sometimes his horrifying, function. Perhaps, if he is destructively cynical, he can spoil for young minds awareness of the heroic so completely that it will never afterward be of significance to them. But though such cynicism abounds it seems to me less worth bothering about than well-meaning attempts to supplant guidance with didacticism. Maritain discusses what is meant here brilliantly in another passage, commenting upon the central significance of intuition in the development of youth. Let us suppose that for a young person the "heroic" includes the so-called manly virtues. The attempt to take these away from the hero, because they are not of interest to the teacher, may well lead to

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disillusionment with the heroic. The same thing is true of art and music. It is all very well to plead for standards in these quite relative realms. But to insist upon an art value as ultimate when it does not seem so to another may well lead to dissatisfaction with art values altogether.

In all this I am not differing with Maritain, whose attitude is admirable. But I am going to differ with him in a conclusion, which must perforce be hastily expressed and so left open to query as to what it means. It seems to me that since the teacher is the "needle's eye" through which youth enters the realm of educating experience, one cannot merely appeal to the practical reason as independent of the will. The teacher at least must consciously *want* to do the good educational thing. And it seems to me that the young person must be encouraged to want what is best, too, perhaps without too deeply comprehending what is wanted. Let me illustrate. Young Americans are encouraged not to desire humanistic studies, but to seek after practical studies. That seems to me evidence of a quite one-sided will training which will impede the development of the practical reason if it is permitted to develop. That there are ways of bending the will which are not meretricious seems to me a fact upon which the religiously motivated teacher might profitably meditate.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

Kaiser Wakes the Doctors. Paul de Kruif. Harcourt. $2.00.

"HENRY KAISER will have his share of our remembrance as one man who did his bit to build the doctors and not only the doctors but the human beings of tomorrow."

That is the last sentence of a glowing tribute to the medical-industrial plan set up for the Kaiser plants at the Coulee Dam, at Permanente, etc. Every M. D. must become familiar with the miracles of efficient medical organization summarized in the 158 pp. of K. W. the D. If Paul de Kruif's hectic paragraphs are justified, if other men can do—and God grant they can!—what Dr. Garfield has done, the future of medicine in these United States is serene, the health of our countrymen assured.

But although every physician, yes, and every plant manager and every city manager should ponder this great experiment, it is, alas! not by the screams of an unindexed tract that matters of such serious import shall be decided. The doctors, it seems,—and at first they would certainly have liked to 'wake' Henry Kaiser in a most Hibernian sense—have been awakened.

EDWARD L. KEYES.

A Tree Grows in Brooklyn. Betty Smith. Harper. $2.75.

ANYONE who has grown up in multi-sectioned New York, Yorkville, Flatbush, Harlem or Williamsburg, will realize that Betty Smith has caught the feel of the "neighborhood." The noises, smells, landmarks, people are set down truthfully, but the actions of the characters are neither as convincing nor as moving as their background. The author displays the overtenderness with the protagonist, Francie, common to all first novels, and drags in too many episodes that contribute nothing to the development of the story. Although the family is a Catholic one, the author has a curious reticence about this, as though once having mentioned the fact, she must hurry on as if it did not exist. Miss Smith is no stylist, but as literary genre the book is interesting. The progress of the family from rags to riches could stand considerable blue pencilling.

"The Common Burden"

On the Comforting of Christ: "In Gethsemane Christ let us see a glimpse of Him **just as He would be,** suffering in His mystical body, wholly human, afraid, sweating with fear, weak physically, shocked, down on the ground, praying to be let off. **Just as we are** when the Passion faces us; but the angel came and comforted Him, made Him strong.

"What did this angel bring, what was the chalice **from which Christ drank** and grew strong? Surely it was the love that we should offer today, the accumulated tears of Magdalene, the wonder of the centurion, the strong arms of Simon, the treasure of the quiet peace of the Josephs of Arimathea. **It was just our love,** making us able to use that sort of charity to each other, which can now give strength to Christ on earth and crown Him King in us."

—Quoted from Caryll Houselander's book: THIS WAR IS THE PASSION. Price $2.00.

Metropolitan monopoly on prophet slaying: Almost unbelievable divine irony is in the words: "I must walk today and tomorrow and the day following, because it cannot be that a prophet perish out of Jerusalem." This terrible **metropolitan monopoly on prophet slaying!** Yet the seeming irony and actual anger were but the heart-breaking wrath of the Lamb. The words that were hardly bearable by their irony are made sweet by the words that follow:

"Jerusalem! Jerusalem! That killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent to thee. How often would I have gathered thy children as the hen doth her brood under her wing! **And thou wouldst not."** It is God's lyric of almost despairing love! Notice how—to the great City, with its stones upon stones and its money-changers and its elaborate city ritual—Jesus of Nazareth compares Himself—compares God, that is—to the cottager's mother hen with her little brood. But this **Land Wisdom** has become almost **meaningless** to those who were **Town Blind.**

—Quoted from Vincent McNabb's OLD PRINCIPLES AND THE NEW ORDER. Price $2.75.

Capacity for being free: How do men become free? Man, a spiritual animal, is dependent on things, and he is free—**if he is free at all**—in his proper functioning in relation to things . . . For the miners and fishermen and farmers and workers of the world, **freedom can be had** only if property is had; to be without property is almost always to be **without a proper human freedom** . . . If men do not own, not many of them can come up to the capacity they have for being free . . . Jimmie says, "I don't believe you'll ever get a new civilization on the foundations of the old . . . Even if we get the modern machinery and the promises were kept we'd still have war and conflicts. **We must have occupations to keep us busy,** and not to keep the machines idle, as the industrial system does. We have to be on the land as God intended. The bureaucrats: things come too easy for them. . . . Of course we can do it—if every man has his neighbor in his heart." Thin blackish John Dan, fire in his eyes, slides down from the tool bench, approaches the men. **The project is like a religion,** and faith and love can do all things.

—Quoted from Leo Ward's NOVA SCOTIA: Land of Co-operators. Price $2.50.

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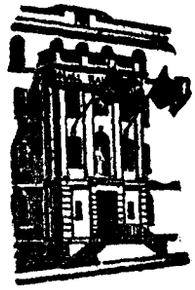

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The Inner Forum

Principles for Reconstruction

AT THE ANNUAL joint meeting of the Catholic Central Verein of America and the National Catholic Women's Union held at Springfield, Illinois, August 19-24, 1943, Bishop Aloisius J. Muench, of Fargo, N. D., presented a declaration on Peace and Reconstruction which was adopted by the delegates of the two organizations assembled. Here are some pertinent excerpts:

"We are convinced that a lasting peace cannot be assured mankind unless the truth of the dignity of man is given full consideration in the plans of men to rebuild the social order in and among the nations of the world. Without this truth the brutal domination of the weak by the strong in society will continue; so too, colonial imperialism with its exploitation of underprivileged races and nations by powerful and unscrupulous groups, dictatorial governments by supermen, regimentation of citizens, . . . class and race conflicts, as well as war among the nations of this earth. . . .

"The only effective remedy that can be applied to the social disorder of our times is, in the words of Pius XI, the spiritualism of Christianity. This spiritualism teaches that man receives his soul from the creative hand of God; this soul is spiritual as its Author is spiritual. It is immortal, destined to live with God for all eternity. Because of his spiritual and immortal soul, man is the image of God, and therefore a child of God. On this truth is based the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. . . .

"The principle of the sacred dignity of man, therefore, is a guarantee of right, peace and prosperity. Without this principle it will be futile to seek the achievement of equal opportunity for all, the prime ideal of true democracy, of an economic life that pulses with justice and charity for employer and employee, industrial worker and farmer, merchant and manufacturer, and of a large measure of the freedom on which men everywhere rest their hopes. We express the earnest hope that a declaration on the dignity of man will be incorporated into the peace treaties that will be written after the close of this war. . . ."

The next two sections of the declaration deal in greatly compressed form with the Supremacy of Law and the Law of Nations. Section IV is entitled, The Will to Peace: "Charity must be more than noble sentiments or noble words. It must go out into the world among starving people with hands full of generous deeds. Multitudes in want of food, clothing and shelter must be aided. For this, careful preparation must be made now. Partisan politics must not be permitted to impede or harass the necessary plans. Nor must the blockade be allowed to continue upon the cessation of hostilities, as was the case with disastrous effects for peace after the last war. Not only our nation but all the nations of the earth must collaborate in the distribution of the things God gave them now needed by suffering millions of people. Nothing in all the world will banish hatred from the hearts of men so quickly and so effectively as deeds of genuine charity. Nothing can lay foundations for a solid structure of peace so securely as an active charity that makes a reality of its noble ideals. . . .

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"Peace in the world is predicated to a very large extent on peace within the nations of the world. For this reason the reconstruction of the social order is a matter of prime concern to peace-minded men within our nation. . . . We reiterate our oft-repeated declarations that all attempts at reconstructing the social order will be futile if family life is not strengthened. The family, all are agreed, is the primary cell of human society. In the words of Pius XII, the family is 'the cradle not only of children but also of the nation.' Because of the great importance of good family life, it is imperative we insist, to build it on the safe foundations God Himself laid. He gave to marriage a sacred character, and His Divine Son, Jesus Christ, raised it to the dignity of a Sacrament. . . . It was a fateful hour for matrimony when it was declared to be 'a secular thing, like eating or drinking, or any other earthly concern.' . . .

"Consequent upon the loss of regard for the sacred character of the family has come the loss of regard for its rights. There are those in the field of education and social work who under the guise of laudable reform force open the doors of homes especially those of the poor with powers of the state that transgress the limits of this authority. . . .

"Productive property such as land is especially conducive to family life. Land creates the living space that in the words of Pius XII will free 'the family from conditions which do not permit one even to formulate the idea of a homestead of one's own.' . . . We favor the settlement on the land of men in the armed forces upon the conclusion of the war. Carefully selected because of previous farm experience and given every inducement to return to the land, they will prove to be among the nation's best assets. Money wisely spent for such a purpose will bring rich returns. . . .

"All families however cannot live on farms. By far most of them will have to seek productive employment in the shops and factories in the large industrial centers of our country. . . . [Wages] must be adequate to cover not only the immediate needs of the family but . . . a good, even if modest home, higher education for children . . . of talent . . . and reserves for old age, illness and other disabilities. . . . No less than the farmer the industrial worker too should seek to achieve security for himself through self-help organizations. We view with concern certain proposals that attempt to achieve for industrial workers security through governmental action. Such security can be achieved only at the price of freedom. . . .

"To God men must return in humble prayer, prayer that is joined to penance, so that His Holy Spirit may shed light on the paths that lead to peace. . . ."

CONTRIBUTORS

J. L. BENVENISTI is a contributor to THE COMMONWEAL from overseas. He is the author of "The Iniquitous Contract" and other books.

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Edward L. KEYES, M.D., one of the founders of THE COMMONWEAL, frequently contributes book reviews and articles.

A Popular Hero, Reformer and Crusader

ST. JOHN CAPISTRAN
Reformer

By REV. JOHN HOFER

Translated by
Rev. Patrick Cummins, O.S.B.

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